

Voice from the Old Brewery

— AND —

FIVE POINTS MISSION MONTHLY.

Published Monthly by the Ladies' Home Missionary Society at No. 63 Park Street.

REV. O. R. BOUTON, EDITOR.]

NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1887.

[VOL. XXVI No. 7

RECLAIMED.

BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

On the Second Anniversary of the reclamation of a Gifted Man who was enslaved by Drink.

For the Voice.

Two years of freedom from galling chains,
Two years of manhood, two years of gains,
Since I turned backward with firm intent,
From path alluring where I had bent,
My way—unwilling—in bonds so strong,
The tempter led me through years so long.
My hand out-reaching with cry "Oh, Save,"
The chains were broken that bound a slave.
Now grateful praising for this great grace,
And ever praying that through life's race,
I'll have His keeping unto the end,
When Earth-life ceasing with heaven's
[shall blend,
I try to atone for wasted hours,
And use for His glory long dormant
[powers.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Written for the Voice.

BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

The sun was almost down, and the tall houses were making long, heavy shadows over the streets, while the air grew almost chilly for there had been a thunder-storm with copious rain and the sultry air of the morning had been washed away.

Great crowds of people were surging along the principal thoroughfares in gloomy mood, the rain had spoiled their holiday.

We had taken a stroll through Central Park after the rain had ceased and were also homeward bound, when we discovered a group of boys gathered about a tall man who was staggering along under a load of drunkenness.

As they came nearer, and we stepped to the curbstone to allow the reeling, half-blind creature to pass, we saw that a dear little boy, not more than seven or eight years old was leading the man.

The child's face would have been beautiful if it had worn the carefree smile which belongs to childhood, but the tears were flowing down his pale cheeks, and it was a very sad face that was turned toward the tall creature so unfit to be called father.

"Come, Papa, do come," the little fellow was pleading between his sobs.

"I wont, I'm going back, go home, John," was the reply, but the drink had made him so weak that those little hands could lead him on.

There were grown up people who laughed as they passed on, and the boys

in the street seemed to think it very funny for they laughed aloud, and made rude speeches which jarred poor little John's heart very cruelly.

A kind-hearted gentleman dispersed the thoughtless boys with a few words and as he passed on he said, with sympathetic tones, "Poor child, what a sad thing. Oh, I am glad I never had to lead my father home, and my boys shall never lead me home because I am like that poor fellow."

Just then the weak body gave a wider lurch than usual and over the railing he went in a heap, poor John's little hands could not stop him, what a pitiful wail escaped his lips that were blue with the chill of his wet garments and hunger.

I started to help John, and my friend spying a blue coat and brass buttons at the next corner ran to him and soon the policeman's strong, willing arms bore the limp body up the area steps to the sidewalk. "Papa, Oh, papa, are you hurt bad?" cried John.

"I don't know," the man answered, and the officer hailing a wagon, loaded the man into it as best he could and asked us to accompany him to the station as we had witnessed the accident, it was not a long walk, and when we had answered the captain's inquiries we went with John to his home to tell the mother.

And what a home, the home of the drunkard is always of the same pattern, only if the mother drinks it is worse than where only the father is in the dreaded slavery.

In the morning John's father came home, with the aid of a cane and the arm of the care worn wife, there was a broad bandage over one eye and one hand was in a sling, but "He's sober for the once, thank goodness," said his wife.

"An it's sober he'll be ever after," answered the maimed husband.

"Do you mean that, Archie?" queried the wife.

"Yes, Maggie, and here's my hand on it, now get your pledge paper out, I can sign it with my left hand so as you and I will know the name."

"Archie, Archie, Oh, it's my own Archie again," cried Maggie, embracing the man as she had not in many a day.

"Are you forgetting the pledge paper, Maggie?" asked her husband, and Maggie Down laughing and crying at once, turned to her chest to find the precious paper which she had signed years before, hoping to obtain her husband's signature with hers.

"There," said Archibald Down, as he finished his left-handed struggle with his pen, "There, that means Independence Day for a fact, and when it comes round next year Maggie we'll celebrate by a visit to your mother and a smell of the woods and you wont be in rags then my girl, if it please God to spare me that year."

It is five years now since that precious pledge was signed. The Downs will celebrate Independence Day, this year, in a snug home of their own, out on Long Island. John is a fine boy, singing in a church choir on Sundays and studying hard week days that he may soon be able to "help father" in his growing business as the boss builder of the village.

FACTORY RELIGION.

"No, sir," said Scofield, the factory engineer, emphatically, "there is no such thing as factory religion! It's a contradiction. Why, my engine won't run if I don't swear at times."

"How do you know?" asked the listener. The fireman laughed.

Scofield turned upon him like a flash. "Tom," said he, with an oath, "wheel

in ten or twelve more barrowfuls of that Nova Scotia coal. There isn't half enough to last until six o'clock."

The fireman departed without a word, and the engineer bustled around the room, oiling the slides, testing the water, opening and shutting valves.

"Well, I suppose I must leave you," said the visitor, rising from his chair and holding out his hand. "Will you not give the subject a thought?"

The engineer shook his head. "To My mind, factories ought never to have been built. God intended man to live out in the free air and enjoy nature."

There is plenty of room for religion out of doors; but here where the very pulleys swear at their work—where steam shrieks and curses—here is no place for religion."

"Tom! cried Scofield, after the minister had left, "don't bother about any more coal, my boy. I was out of sorts when I spoke. There is enough in now to last a week."

"I couldn't help laughing, though," said Tom, wiping the grimy sweat from his brow, "you know that you never did try to do anything without swearing."

The engineer made no reply, but opened a paper and seemed to read. The printed words, however, did not engage his attention, but most vividly what the fireman said came before him again and again.

Was it as bad as that? Could he do nothing without swearing? He resolved to test himself. He would begin early the next morning, and for every oath uttered he would drop a small brass nail into a tumbler that was in the window. He rather thought that the tumbler would be empty at night—now that he had got his will up.

The next day came—Scofield rose at five as usual, and going down-stairs in his stocking-feet, stepped upon a tack. The

volley of oaths that followed counted out seven nails for the tumbler. The buck-wheat cakes, a collar button, the cat, a slow clock, and the remembrance of his purpose, scored five more. Then with grim determination he shut his teeth and said not a word more until he reached the engine-room, where he counted out the twelve nails and threw them into the tumbler with an oath—yes, an oath of relief. He was half across the room before the last one dawned upon him, but true to his purpose he walked back, and put another nail into the glass.

All day long he struggled, and at night the tumbler held thirty nails. Scofield, was startled. He had never dreamed that he was so profane, and the habit had such a "grip" upon him. At last he went to "Christian Tim," an old man in the steel works, and told him the whole affair. Tim pondered a while and then said:

"You may be able to leave off in time by your will power, but I know a better way."

"What is it?" inquired the other. "Ask the help of the Lord Jesus Christ," said Tim, earnestly. "Has he not heard every oath?" Isn't it against him that you have sinned? I had the same experience myself years ago, but with his help I never feel the least inclination to swear. And as for being happy—the hours are so swift-winged that I can hardly tell where the days go."

The minister called again upon Scofield. "There is a factory religion, sir, said the engineer. "My fireman, Tom, and myself are trying to live up to it. There is a Bible in that desk, and we find time to read some in it every day. And, to tell the truth, I believe the work is less hard, the wheels run smoother, and the valves are tighter, and the whole place is lighter, cleaner, and better, for this factory religion."

MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY.

THE shades of the evening were fading away, and brightly was dawning the opening day; Then softly there whispered a voice in my ear, "Make something happy each day of the year." And O, when the years with their burdens are past, And smiling and weeping are ended at last, Around the white throne may we gladly appear, With happiness brought from each day of the year.

—Advocate.

Voice from the Old Brewery

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Payment always in advance.

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No. 63 PARK STREET, NEW YORK.

Boxes Packages, etc., for the Mission should be directed REV. O. R. BOUTON, FIVE POINTS MISSION, 63 PARK STREET, N. Y. A letter advising us when and how shipped should always be sent by mail.

To VISITORS. The hours of Tuition in the Day School are from 9 A. M., to 3 P. M., with a short recess. The most favorable hour for visitors is from 11 to 12.

Objects of the Five Points Mission.

1. To employ one or more Missionaries to labor among the poor of the City of New York, especially in the locality known as the "Five Points."
2. To provide food, clothing, and other necessities, for such poor.
3. To educate poor children, and provide for their comfort and welfare.
4. To maintain a school at the Five Points, and to perform kindred acts of charity and benevolence.

Form of Bequest,

"I give and bequeath unto the 'New York Ladies Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church,' (incorporated by an act of the Legislature of the State of New York, passed March 20, 1856,) the sum of—dollars, and the receipt of the Treasurer of that Society shall be a sufficient discharge of my executors for the same"

DONATIONS of money, clothing, shoes and food respectfully solicited.

PREACHING, Sabbath, 10.30 A. M. and 7½ P. M.
SABBATH SCHOOL, 2½ P. M.
PRAYER MEETING, Tuesday Evening, 7½ P. M.
TEMPERANCE MEETING, Friday Eve'g 7½ P. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Will persons sending boxes, barrels or packages with goods for our Mission, please put on them the name of the place from whence they come and also the name of the parties sending them.

THE Day School closes to-day, and were it not that the children come to the Mission every day to get ready to go into the country for two weeks, we should be quite alone here.

The weary teachers are off to the sea shore and mountains to escape the foul air and heat of the city. We wish them a most delightful time, and above all, we wish when they come back, to see *improvement*. Progress is an absolute necessity. The running brooklet, however small, is sweet and limpid. Excelsior is our motto, and each new year we, with other schools, try to do better work.

THE Service in German, Sunday evening, June 19th, was very gratifying to such as cannot understand the English but very little, and is expected to be continued.

THE Five Points Mission Day and Sunday Schools went on their annual excursion to Corona, Thursday, June 30th. The day was very bright and warm. Four hundred happy children started for the ferry at 7:30, and passed a very pleasant day. An abundance of sandwiches, cake, cream, etc., was served on the grounds. At 5:30 a weary company came off the boat without accident. A sense of relief came to all having any responsibility in the matter when we reached home.

One hundred and thirty of our children leave for the country next week, to be gone two weeks, and more than three hundred during the month. We cannot speak to highly of the good people in the country who care for them. They have most generously responded to our requests.

THE Managers and all interested appreciate the great favor, year after year, bestowed by our venerable friend and brother, Stephen Barker, Esq.

Messrs Horton and Dixon deserve a hearty vote of thanks for the large supply of delicious cream they furnished for the excursion.

ELEVEN children in the Day school have been present every day in the year, and quite a large number only one day absent. One hundred and nineteen received certificates for attendance for six months or more. We think a very good showing. Many will go out to return no more and we shall miss their happy faces, but others will take their places.

The very liberal donations of H. M. & M. E. C. are very gratefully received. The injunction of the MASTER as to alms giving is by them fulfilled, and the reward shall be open.

The second annual entertainment of "The Progress Club" was given Friday evening, June 10th. The audience was made up of the largest children of the day and Sunday school, the Bible class and the regular attendants of the Reading Room. The talent employed was foreign and domestic. The exercises consisted in a short illustrated talk about alcohol, recitations and singing. The report of the year's work shows a decrease in membership but a richer treasury. Some have graduated. Miss Johnson is

entitled to great credit for her persevering efforts to help the boys to do better and be better; progress in evil is very easy and natural. Progress in good, difficult and hopeless without new hearts. The safe old maxim is, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

The Superintendent, on invitation of a good and tried friend of the Mission, spent the last Sunday in May at Taughannock Falls, Tompkins Co., N. Y., and presented the work of the Mission to a large and appreciative congregation at the Jacksonville Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. I. A. Chabuck, Pastor. The day was perfect, the interest remarkable and the response for homes for Fresh Air children very generous, as the following list will show:—Mrs. H. R. Westervelt, 2 boys and 2 girls; Asaph King, 2 girls; J. S. Hickson, 2 girls; Mrs. D. Harrison, 2 girls and 2 boys; W. G. Farrington 2 boys; Mrs. D. Skilton, 2 girls; Mrs. G. Loomis, 2 girls; Mrs. F. Osborne, 2 girls; Philo Smith, 2 boys; Mrs. G. Fowler, 2 girls; Mrs. B. B. Clark, 2 boys and 2 girls; V. S. Atwater, 2 girls; Herman C. King, 2 boys; Mrs. O. P. Van Kirk, 2 boys; Mrs. G. K. Farrington, 2 boys; Mrs. G. M. Matison, 2 girls; Mrs. J. M. Stout, 2 girls; Mrs. Jehial Smith, 2 girls; Mrs. H. E. Snow, 2 girls; Miss Mary Sweet, 2 girls; Mrs. J. M. Wright, 2 girls; Mrs. I. A. Chabuck, 2 girls; Miss Addie Sweet, 2 girls; A. B. Woodworth, 2 boys; Mrs. J. Niverson, 2 girls; Mrs. David Wilkins, 2 girls; Mrs. Thos. Sloat, 2 boys; Mrs. Albert W. Westervelt, 2 boys. These homes are in the most desirable location in the State, on the west side of Cayuga Lake, nine miles from Ithaca, mostly among the prosperous farmers of that section.

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock, sharp, I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly, "a daughter. But she's a darling."

And then they parted; the stranger in the city getting into a street car bound for the park.

After a block or two, a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket; each was

well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that. Would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry.

Just then the exclamation—"Why, there is Nettie! Wonder where she is going?"—caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking whistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting that she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister:

"The little boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss; he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss; he is my brother. We're goin' to the park to see if 'twon't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice meant for no one's ears except those of the child. I think it will do him good; it is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss; we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, maybe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where they lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat em all—every one—when we got to the park. What made her so sweet and good to us?"

And the little girl whispered back:

"It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes." The gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached, the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road, and into the green park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day, the two gentleman, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing a comely lady "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder you called her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake, God bless her." And then he told his friend what he had seen and heard in the horse car.—*Selected.*

WHAT SHE DID.

Christiana Dickson, the wife of one of the first settlers of Erie County, Pennsylvania, was a small, blue-eyed, low-voiced woman, extremely timid, but she had a horror of drunkenness.

She lived in days when the use of liquor was universal. But when her sons were born, she resolved to put a stop to whiskey-drinking in her home. Her husband being absent, her brothers called for the help of the neighbors, according to custom, to put up a barn needed on her farm. They all assembled and went to work, while she prepared a great dinner. After an hour or two, whiskey was asked for. She refused to provide it.

Her brothers, and at last an elder in the church came to reason with her; to tell her that she would be accused of meanness.

Without a word the little woman went to the barn, and baring her head, stepped upon a log and spoke to them:

"My neighbors," she said, "it is a strange thing. Three of you are my brothers, three of you are elders in the church—all of you are my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power. If you refuse to raise the barn without liquor, so be it. But I would rather these timbers shall rot where they lie than to give you whiskey."

The men angrily went home; the little woman returned to the house and for hours cried as though her heart would break. But the next day every man came back, went heartily to work, enjoyed her good dinner, and said not a word about whiskey.

This led to a discontinuance of the use of whiskey at barn-raising in the country. Her sons grew up, strong vigorous men, and did good work in helping to civilize and Christianize the world; their descendants are all of a high type of intellectual and moral men and woman. If she had yielded this little point, they might have become, like many of their neighbors, drunkards.

Our stout-hearted pioneer fore-fathers redeemed the land and drove out the wild beasts and serpents; but there are vices and malignant customs still to be conquered, for which we need women of high

souls and gentle spirits, like Christiana Dickson.

THE PROTECTION OF THE FLAGS.

The following incident occurred during one of the many disturbances in Cuba. It is well authenticated by the records in the state departments of the two countries.

After the rising had been suppressed a man remained in prison charged with having aided in the insurrection. He was tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. He was a seaman of American birth, but the son of British parents, and he appealed to the consuls of both countries. The English Consul, Mr. Ramsden, and the American Vice-consul, having satisfied themselves of the man's innocence, protested in the name of England and of America, and demanded his immediate release. But the authorities would not yield.

On the morning appointed for his death the prisoner was marched out to the place of execution, in solemn military procession, and a company of soldiers were drawn up to execute the sentence. But the consuls were there also, having determined to make one more effort to save his life. An eye-witness describes what followed:

"It was the work of an instant, and Mr. Consul Ramsden and the American Consul, rushing forward with the flags of their respective nations and in front of the unfortunate man, shouted, 'Hold!' Throwing the flags around the condemned man, and addressing the officer in charge of the firing party, Mr. Ramsden said: 'Gentlemen, as a Consul of her Britannic Majesty, I cannot stand by and see this foul murder of an innocent man. It is my duty to protect his life, and if you are to take that life you must take it through these'—pointing to the flags—'and your officers know the consequences of firing on the national flags.' The determined attitude of the two officials and the sight of the national symbols produced the desired effect. A consultation was held by the Spanish officers, the execution was stopped, and that day the sailor was set at liberty."

The incident has been often used as an illustration of the safety of the sinner saved by Christ. Has he not taken every believer under the protection of his own righteousness, and is He not ready now to wrap around every sinner the blood-stained banner of the cross? Wrapped in this banner, who can take away his life? As the Apostle Paul cried triumphantly, "It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth," (Rom. 8:34)?

HOW JAMIE HATED ORDER.

When Jamie came rushing in from play to supper, his mother was obliged to speak to him about hanging up his hat; and when his hunger was satisfied, and he started from the table, she said: "Jamie, do not leave your napkin like that! fold it and put it in the ring. Has my boy no sense of order?"

"No, mamma," cried Jamie, rushing back to do as his mother told him, "I hate order! It's always hindering and interfering."

"Some people might say it was disorder that is always hindering and interfering. For instance, had you folded your napkin at the proper time, you would not have

had to come back to do it," said Mrs. Wright. She added, "I guess you love order as well as any of us, if the truth were known."

"No, mamma. I am sorry, but I positively hate order. What I love is to fly my kite—or to make a boat and sail it on the pond; and when it is dark, I love to come in and see you, and eat supper of huckleberries and milk, and doughnuts; but I just *dislike* to be always folding up, or hanging up, or picking up something."

In emphasizing his views, Jamie jerked the table-cloth, so that baby's tray and spoon went clattering to the floor. Then there were two more things to pick up!

"Still," said Mrs. Wright, "I think there are some kinds of order which you like."

"I am afraid not, mamma, not one."

"When you have played out doors until the last minute, and you get into the house just as the clock strikes one, then do you mind dinner being all in order!"

Jamie smiled; then he looked a little sober.

"Yesterday, when Uncle's Charles came to take you to ride with him, if you could be ready in five minutes—Uncle Charles who is so elegant—then were you sorry to find clean collar, necktie, gloves, hat, all ready to lay your hand on them?"

"Mamma!"

"Would you like to find yourself at school with holes in your jacket? Do you hate when you go up stairs at night tired, to find a bed made up comfortable?"

"Mamma, what do you mean?"

"That it is not order which you hate, but the trouble necessary to gain it. Ah, my boy! no one of us likes that; but ought not each of us to take a part of it? or should papa or mamma or grandma and Bridget do all the tiresome picking up and 'fixing up,' while Jamie only enjoys it?"

Jamie put two warm arms around his mother's neck; "Mamma, you are great for explaining things, aren't you?"

AN "INFIDEL'S" PRAYER.

We have here a German whom they called "The Infidel." He was making sport of the Bible whenever he found opportunity, and was disgusted with the church. About a month ago, when I returned from a trip, he began to ridicule prayers, especially written prayers. I did not argue with him, but finally asked him what he would regard as a sensible prayer. With a sort of explosion, he blurted out so good a definition of prayer that I told him I agreed with him most heartily. "Such a prayer would not seem objectionable?" "Why no," said he, as if it were not much account any way. My heart was aching, and I said, "Let us pray." This he had not expected, and he said he was not accustomed to pray, but when I knelt, he tried to get into some position for it, first by burying his face in his hands; that didn't work, so he tried to stick it into his cap, but he didn't seem to feel right about that either; so down he came on one knee, and after a motion or two, he tumbled down on both knees. My heart grew warm. When through, I asked him to pray. He repeated that he was not accustomed, but tried, and in a trembling way said, "God bless you," or "me." He seemed to have those feelings when one can't talk very plainly. He arose subdued and meek, and acted as well as any Christian.

ONLY GOING TO THE GATE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Like a bell of blossom ringing,
Clear and childish, shrill and sweet,
Floating to the porch's shadow
With the fainter fall of feet,
Comes the answer softly backward,
Bidding tender watcher wait,
While the Baby Queen outruns her,
"Only going to the gate."

Through the moonlight, warm and scented,
Love to beauty breathes his sigh,
Lingering, to leave reluctant,
Loth to speak the low good-by;
Then the same low echo answers,
Waiting love of older date,
And the maiden whispers backward,
"Only going to the gate."

O, these gates along our pathway,
What they bar outside and in!
With the vague outlook beyond them,
Over ways we have not been,
How they stand before, behind us,
Toll gates some, with price to pay.
Spring gates some, that shut forever;
Cloud gates some, that melt away;

Just across their slender weavings
Truth-plight happy hands have crossed;
Yet its locks have rusted ruddy,
Or its keys in night-shade lost.
Over latches softly falling
Good-bye prayers have dropped like dew;
Little gateways, softly shutting,
Yet have cut a love in two.

So we pass them going upward
On our journey, one by one,
To the distant shining wicket,
Where each traveler goes alone;
Where the friends who journey with us
Strangely falter, stop and wait;
Father, mother, child or lover,
"Only going to the gate."

Let us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm, and guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment.—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

If any man speak evil of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side, and, if so, reform thyself.—*Expectus.*

I believe that men who complain of its selfishness are quite as selfish as the world is, and no more liberal of their money than their neighbors.—*Thackeray.*

BEST.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see:
Wisdom and signs are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou could'st trust, poor soul!
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou would'st find peace and rest,
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best
—*Adelaide Procter.*

CHEERFULNESS.—The cheerful are the busy. When trouble knocks at your door, or rings the bell, he or she will generally retire if you send word you are engaged.

A TEACHER asked a little boy, "What is hope?" "It is never feeling disappointed," answered the child. And this is as good an answer as some wise men have been able to give.

PURE IN HEART.

BY M. E. H.

Pure in heart! O Master mine,
Grant to me Thy Grace Divine,
Cleansing me from ev'ry sin,
Making me all pure within.

Sinful thoughts, O take away;
May my actions day by day
More and more with love be fraught,
And the peace I long have sought!

May my words be only those
That I know my Master chose—
Helpful words, and tender, too,
Some small work for Thee to do!

And for patience I would ask—
Patience in each daily task;
Lest my life unfruitful be.
And but thistles bear for Thee.

More like Thee I long to grow;
At Thy feet, Lord, kneeling low,
Grant me purity of heart,
And to see Thee as Thou art.

OUR HOMES.

Our homes are what we make them; they are the places which we seek when in trouble; why should they not be kept attractive? so that when evening comes, your boys and girls will not seek other places of amusement, in preference to the home which should be their shelter from temptations. Make home attractive and pleasant, by being pleasant, and neatly appareled yourself; you need not necessarily go to any expense or trouble on account of dress, but simply present a neat, cheerful appearance. Don't think because you are at home, that you can afford to be neglectful of your appearance. Do you not find those who are nearest and dearest to you, in your own home? And are those not the very ones whom you live for? Do not give way to petty trials, but rise above them, look on the bright side, wear a cheerful countenance, speak none but pleasant words, and thus make sunshine in your home, rendering it a cheerful and desirable place, for "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," if love abides therein.

WHY BOYS SHOULD NOT BE SNUBBED.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of a dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

TO VICTIMS OF TOBACCO.

Mr. Arthur Reade, in England, has lately been collecting information as to the habits of literary men with regards to stimulants. Among other instances adduced is that of the Abbe Moigon, now over eighty years old. He has published one hundred and fifty volumes, most of them requiring profound research; his works on philology show command of twelve living languages. He never takes exercise, scarcely leaves his study, yet he has not a pain nor an ache, nor any of the diseases common to old age. This exceptional health he ascribes to his total abstinence since youth from tobacco in every shape and form. On one occasion, he was induced to smoke and take snuff for several months, and suddenly suffered from loss of memory, being unable to recall dates, etc., necessary in his work. He at once gave up cigars and snuff, and soon was clear-minded again.

The second in age of our naval officers, now eighty-five, boasts that he has never touched tobacco in any shape. His erect figure, free, light step, clear complexion and keen blue eye might be envied by many a blase youth of nineteen, whose foul breath, yellow teeth and heavy glance and walk show the slavery to which he has yielded.

It requires a tremendous effort of will-power to throw off this yoke when once it is worn. But it needs no effort whatever not to put it on. Remember that, boys!

SELF-RESPECT.

The other day there was found lying by one side of a ditch, a pig. On the other side: a man. The pig was sober, the man drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose, the man had a ring on his finger. Some one passing exclaimed, "One is judged from the company he keeps." The pig arose and went away.—*Youth's Companion*

Yes thanks be to heaven! there are good Samaritans in pretty large numbers in this world, and hands ready enough to succour a man in misfortune.

Grief is a tattered tent where through God's light doth shine, who glances up at every rent, shall catch a ray divine.

—Lucy Larcom.

MOSES WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A London paper tells of a class of boys in a "Board School" who were being examined one day in the scripture. One of their special subjects of Scriptural study, for the year, had been the life of Moses.

"What would you say was the general character of Moses?" asked the Inspector; "that is to say," he added, "what sort of a man was Moses?"

"He was meek," said one boy; "brave," answered another boy; "learned," added a third boy. "Please, Sir, he was a gentleman," piped forth a pale-faced, bright-eyed neatly-dressed lad of eleven or thereabouts.

"Gentleman!" repeated the official, with a look of unmistakable surprise, "what do you mean?" The well-behaved little boy promptly replied in the same thin, nervous voice, "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'"

"HE WON'T STAND PEAKING."

One day I was being shown through the great Soltaire Mills, near Bradford, when I observed a man passing a piece of alpaca cloth over rollers, which enabled him to detect any flaws by the reflection of the light from the window. "What is he doing?" I inquired. "Oh, he is 'peaking,' or examining the cloth. You see he has just found a bad place, and he will deduct something for it from the girl's pay. You see, sir, when the cloth is held up to the light, it shows what wasn't seen before! When a man's character isn't what it should be, sir, we say of him, 'He won't stand peaking.'"

Ah, thought I, here's a lesson for both me and my readers. Let us watch and pray that our conduct, both public and private, be such as will stand the light—will bear "peaking."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Mr. Hay, in his work on Western Barbary, tells the following anecdote:

On the occasion, traveling in the Barbary States with a companion who had some knowledge of medicine, we had arrived at a door near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us cursing and swearing at the 'rebbers against God.' My friend who spoke a little Arabic, turning round to an elderly person, whose grab bespoke him a priest, said 'Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves.' He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed: 'May God curse me, if ever I curse again those who hold such belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.'

CHINESE METHOD OF RAISING MONEY FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES.

An English traveler lectured before a scientific society in London recently, and described the Chinese method of raising money for the building or repairing of temples as follows: "In the streets of Pekin I one day found a man in a sort of wooden sentry-box: large nails had been driven into it, so that their points projected through. This prevented the man from leaning against the sides, and the only rest he had was from sitting on a board within. He was a monk, and never seemed to sleep, for he had a string with which he night and day sounded a large, sonorous bell every few minutes, as a sort of advertisement for his purpose. This was, that the benevolent should come forward with money; each nail represented a sum. When any one paid that sum his name was stuck up on a bit of paper, and the nail was pulled out, making it more comfortable for the hermit within. All the nails represented the necessary amount for the repair of a temple which was close behind. This is a common proceeding for raising the wind for such purposes. I was told that this monk had been two years shut up, and that it would likely be another year before he got out of his cocoon of nails."

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.—*Gospel Expositor.*

PAID AT BOARD MEETING

June 7th, 1887.

By Mrs H B Skidmore	
Wm Hineck	\$10 00
By Mrs H B Ryer	
Mrs Geo Forrester	5 00
Mrs H B Ryer	5 00
Miss E A Truslow	1 00
Mrs S Merrill	1 00
By Mrs E Rinehart	
A Friend	5 00
Miss E Evans	1 00
Mrs G H Brouwer	1 00
Mrs E Rinehart	1 00
Mrs Wm Forbes	1 00
Mrs W L McDermat	3 00
Mrs M A Palne	2 00
Mrs Peter Schultz	2 00
Mrs Wm Shears	1 00
Mrs A McLean	1 00
Sands Street M E Sunday School	150 00
By Mrs Robt Lavery	
John Y, Richard and May R Lavery, "Fresh Air"	5 00

CASH RECEIVED.

From May 27th to June 27th, 1887.

"V S W"	"Shoe Club"	1 00
"A C W"	"	1 00
Mrs Cornelia P Mundy,	"Fresh Air"	1 50
"S E W"	"	50 00
"B L M"	"	1 10
Mrs C H Howland	"	50
Miss Emma De Forest	"	3 00
John Paye	"	50
Chapel Collections	"	2 60
Voice Receipts	"	13 62

GOODS RECEIVED.

From May 27th to June 27th, 1887.

Mrs E R Jones, a large sack clothing, etc	
Miss F Cameron, toys, books and child's crib	
Mrs J J White, a package hooks, toys, etc	
Mrs Robt High, 1 bbl bread	
Hotel Everett, by Mrs Graham, 36 nice mattresses	
Fleischmann's Vienna Bakery, 35 loaves bread	
Mrs Edgar Park, 2 packages nice clothing	
Mrs Wm Dalzell, Cold Spring, N Y, a package nice clothing	
Mrs Robt Lavery, Brooklyn, N Y, a large package nice goods	
Mrs Theo Moss, a package hats, shoes, etc	
Mrs J Boyce, a package clothing	
Mrs Warren Goddard, a package clothing	
By Miss M Blackwell, a box nice clothing and a box of hats contributed by Clara E King, Florence Beckman, Lilly Andrews, Edith Herzog and Edith Keyes	
A Friend, a package clothing	
Mrs J H Thompson, Brooklyn, N Y, a package clothing	
Mrs Alex McLean, Brooklyn, N Y, 3 packages clothing, hats, etc.	
A Friend, 2 packages shoes and clothing	
Miss M Glimm, 8 boxes of very nice goods	
A Friend, 2 packages hats, 1 package shoes and 1 package clothing	
Aurora St M E Sunday School, Ithaca, N Y, by Mrs A M Genung, Mrs E C Hazen and Miss Kate Reed, 2 boxes containing clothing, bedding, shoes, hats, etc	
Miss French, 6 new little dresses, sheets and pillow-cases	
The States Charities Aid Association, a large package books and magazines	
Hammond Odell, a package shoes, clothing and hats	
Chas W Beavers, a package clothing	
J P Childs, 2 bbls cut bread and sandwiches	
From Bay Ridge, L I, a package shoes	
G H Hardy, a package clothing	
Mrs G Potts, by Mrs Veitch, 2 nice dresses	
Henry Bryant, a package clothing	
Mrs Atchison, a package clothing	
Mrs W H Clayton, a package clothing	
Mrs Robt High, 1 bbl bread	
Sellick Bros, 1 box gents scarfs	
E Ridley & Sons, 1 box sundry articles	
N Y Flower Mission, a basket of flowers	
M E Sunday School, Babylon, L I, by W C Abbott, Sup't, a large box of flowers	
Reformed Church Sunday School, Brookdale, N J, by Eugene G Day, Sup't, 2 1/2 bbl flowers	
By Mrs G H Morrison	
Miss Lizzie Reynolds, 4 pairs shoes	
Mrs G Morrison, shoes and clothing	
A Chellborg & Son, 1 1/2 bbls bread	
Mrs Abram Requa, a package clothing	
Mrs Robt High, 1 bbl bread	
J P Childs, 2 bbls cut bread and sandwiches	

FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

By Mrs G Van Akin	
Mr & Mrs Fash, Hackensack, N J, a large quantity of daisies and grasses	
Mrs Nichols, Jersey City, a basket of flowers	
John Henderson, Flushing, L I, 300 cut roses	
Mrs H B Skidmore, a box of flowers	
Mrs H B Ryer, a lot of roses	
Mrs Holman, a box of flowers	
Daniel Sylvester, a basket of flowers	
Mrs Wm Collins, a box of flowers	
Mrs J H Thompson, lot of flowers	
Mrs F Holsten, lot of flowers	
Mrs Robt Lavery, lot of flowers	
Mrs W P Owen, lot of flowers	
Miss Sadie Bouton, lot of flowers	
Miss Anderson, lot of flowers	
Mrs J E Campbell's Infant Class, White Plains, N Y, Edith Banks, Essie Snedeker, Pearlina Snedeker, Ellena Moran, May Wright, Edna Young, Amelia Brixner, Edith Copher, Chas Banks, Robbie Birch, Eddie Snedeker, Lester Moran, a large box of flowers	